



WATCHING THE BIRDS.

[See the Story, "What Stood Between."

GOLLY.

MABEL M. HUNT.



JACK REDMOND laughed good-naturedly. It was too hot, too dusty, too uncomfortable altogether, to get out of temper. Besides—*cui bono*? Some people would be extremists, and, therefore, always dissatisfied with something. From the superior heights of his broader wisdom he could look down condescendingly at these inferior mortals and commiserate their weakness. Fate had been kind, and endowed him with a fair share of this world's wealth safely invested.

Jack, on a dusty September day, was en route for New York, and much amused at the ill temper of his seatmate in the car, who was growling at the weather, dust, heat, and crowd, after the manner of full many an ungrateful mortal. Unexpectedly the train stopped with a suddenness that hurled both forward from their seats. Jack grasped at the window-frame and stood upright, looking with an amused smile at the heavy figure of his companion stretched ungracefully on the dusty floor.

"Wonder what's to pay now? Guess I'll investigate." And Jack started for the door, unaware that that very natural impulse would give rise to some quite important results.

A rail had been misplaced, and the sudden halt had been due to the fact that a decrepit old man had seen the danger and signaled the train. Jack Redmond stood by while the railway-officials were eliciting all possible information from the old man.

It was against Redmond's principles to get excited and eager. The danger was past—why did the people make such a fuss? Nevertheless, in lieu of something better to do, he listened to the old man's rambling account.

"My granddaughter, she saw 'bout an hour ago that the rail was gone. No one else round here to see it. S'pose some of those railroad-men you've discharged did it. They're dreadful mad."

The old man spoke wearily and in a monotone that betrayed his excessive fatigue.

"We'll not forget this day's work, my good fellow. Here—give me your name. You'll hear from us very soon."

(334)

Then, as the conductor noted down the name, "Gerald Dinsmore," Jack smiled curiously. It certainly was singular to find that aristocratic name, his grandfather's name, belonging to this forlorn specimen of humanity.

After a very brief delay, the mischief was repaired—the passengers sprang on the platform of the car. Just then a youngster, who was peeping over the platform, started forward, and, before maternal arms could stop him, had fallen to the ground. Jack gallantly sprang from the already-moving train to rescue the boy; but, as he attempted to leap on again, the car, moving now with greater velocity, hurled him backward with such force that he fell on the ground, stunned.

When he next opened his eyes, he was in a hut more dilapidated than any of those belonging to his father's negroes. Old Dinsmore was smoking before a fireplace full of ashes, and slumbering peacefully on the floor was the child who was the primary cause of all his trouble. Dinsmore noticed that his guest—by compulsion—was awake, and stepped to the bedside.

"Heavens and earth! where am I?" asked Jack, startled out of his wonted serenity. In slowly lumbering style, old Dinsmore informed him that this was his hut, three miles from any other habitation and half a mile from the spot which so nearly witnessed another railway-tragedy.

"But how did I get here? Surely, you could not carry a dead-weight for half a mile."

In answer to this interrogation, the old man shouted:

"Golly! Golly!"

The expression was not, as Jack first supposed, a slang phrase; for, after a minute, a young girl appeared.

"Here's the un as carried you," said the old man, nodding toward the unexpected apparition; then, turning to his pipe again, he left Jack to contemplate his preserver.

What he saw was a maiden, tall and graceful as a willow wand. Her face was peculiar—full of determination—and short black hair was curling in baby-ringlets all over a shapely head. Jack scanned her earnestly, and she returned the compliment by an equally steady gaze.

Then he, Jack Redmond—calm, cool, and

aristocratic—found himself growing embarrassed at the scrutiny of this remarkable young woman.

"I—I say, you know, it was awfully kind of you. But—but, you know, how could you?"

In striking contrast to his faltering question came Golly's reply, startlingly terse and pointed:

"Could I what?"

"Carry me—a heavy weight like me—so far?"

Golly's answer was concise if not complimentary:

"I've carried more than one beast further."

"How? When?" faintly ejaculates the crushed Jack.

"Hunting. That there's my rifle and my knife." And the girl pointed to a corner of the room, in which was a motley collection of weapons.

Jack surveyed them with humble admiration.

"You're very clever, Miss Dinsmore. That's your name, isn't it?"

A mocking laugh, clear and sweet, rang through the little house. Jack had an uncomfortable feeling that he had said something absurd and that the girl was actually ridiculing him—him, Jack Redmond!

"My name's Golly—Golly Dinsmore. Guess you'd better call me 'Golly'—everyone does. Shan't know you be talking to me, if you put on all those frounces and trimmings."

Jack reddened a little; yet he was fast recovering himself, and felt that soon he would be master of the situation once more. He was not apt to feel at a disadvantage, and there was little likelihood of his remaining so for any length of time.

"Golly?" he queried, interrogatively. "Was that the name given you, or is it a nickname?"

"Spect 'tis my real name; leastwise, I never heard of no other." Then, with an abrupt change of tone and a certain graceful courtesy that would have become any lady of wealth and rank, she asked solicitously: "Shall I fetch something in here for you to eat, or do you s'pose you could come into the other room?"

As a cursory glance had already informed Jack, the "other room," together with the one in which he was, comprised the entire house. With a badly-stifed groan, he rose from the rickety bed on which he had been lying and signified his ability to reach the "other room."

Hungry he had been, a moment before; but his appetite vanished as he beheld the repast to which he was ushered: a rough wooden table devoid of cloth or napkins, a few broken and badly-cracked dishes, a plate of coarse brown bread, a dish of potatoes, and a pitcher of milk. Not the vestige of an apology did Golly deign to offer for her meagre bill-of-fare. Was it

not better than they were accustomed to have ordinarily? Only on rare occasions did the small house boast of any milk, and Golly, with the air of a royal princess, waited for Jack to take his seat.

"Here—sit down by your little chap," said the girl, commandingly.

For the first time, Jack realized fully his awkward situation; and the child, lonely and forlorn, just wakened from his nap, commenced to cry at that interesting moment.

Jack looked at him in a frightened way. Golly said soothingly:

"There's Pappy! See, Pappy—don't cry!"

Then, as Jack still looked stupefied with fright, she added impatiently: "Why don't you talk to him? Drat the man! can't you see's he's scared to death?"

Jack groaned aloud.

"He's not my boy," he said, indignantly.

It was Golly's turn to look stupefied.

"Whose is he?" was her next question.

Pertinent as the query was, Jack could not answer it satisfactorily, but finally recovered sufficiently to explain the case.

"What shall I do with the boy?" he asked, despairingly, in conclusion.

Golly's reply was sensible, but involved a great deal.

"Take him to his mammy."

Then Jack realized that he must do something. Here there was no Mr. Penny to arrange matters and no Chambers to attend to his behests.

He endeavored vainly to eat some of Golly's supper, and then hunted up old Dinsmore and inquired the way to the nearest station.

"Three miles, and no cut road! Good gracious!"

But Golly came to the rescue with the information that a peddler would pass that way, next morning, and that doubtless he could be induced to take Jack and the boy with him in his cart.

"Well, so be it. I suppose I must spend the night in this miserable hole." Though, to do him justice, this last expression was not audible.

It was but little comfort to reflect that he had the only bed the house afforded. That one was so rough and hard, that all his easy philosophy fled. But all things, good or evil, must end sometime, and, at last, Jack found himself seated on the box of Joe Cray's peddler's-wagon, the obnoxious infant in his arms, and Joe, a compound mixture of drollery and tobacco, at his side.

Golly seemed serenely indifferent to his

departure; but, after the last vestige of shining tinware and red cart had faded from her view, she seated herself on the wood-box, lifted up her voice, and wept bitterly. Poor Golly! the slight, handsome gentleman had made a deep impression on the wild strong maiden of the woods.

Jack Redmond hardly enjoyed that ride to the station. The frequent stoppages, amazed stares of passers-by, delicate tobacco-odor, and fretfulness of "that execrable child," as he styled the boy, made that ride one long to be remembered by our elegant and easy-going egotist. It was with a feeling of deep delight that he at last seated himself in a parlor-car, the troublesome boy left "until called for" with the station-master. As the train swept away, Jack had a glimpse of a pale-faced anxious-looking woman, who hastily descended from an incoming train and rapturously embraced a dirty, tear-bestained urchin who eagerly rushed to her.

Our friend drew a deep sigh of relief. The youngster had found his mother—or, more correctly speaking, the youngster's mother had found him; at least, it was all right; and, though not at all inclined to any heartfelt sympathy for the cause of all his misfortunes, Jack was nevertheless more comfortable in mind and conscience after he had witnessed the reunion of mother and child.

"Not that I could have done anything," he soliloquized. "If I'd taken the infant off in search of his relatives, we should doubtless have chased after each other until doomsday; but I'm glad it's ended so satisfactorily. The mother was awfully pretty; queer that the youngster should have been such an imp of ugliness. Well, it's all ended now!"

Ended? Ah, Jack, it was but just commenced, though you little suspected that!

A comfortable chair in a drawing-room car soon lulled Redmond to sleep and made him oblivious of the trials undergone in old Dinsmore's hut. Evening beheld him ensconced in luxurious quarters at his hotel, with his much-enduring servant at hand to execute his royal commands. Happy, comfortable, well-fed, and properly dressed, good-nature returned to him once more.

"Those people were really very kind, and I actually didn't give them anything for all their trouble. What an abominable shame!"

Jack looked uneasy; he had never before shown such thoughtlessness. How had it happened? It was poor taste certainly to ignore such an obligation, and probably Jack

Redmond would have been quicker to condone forgery in a friend than a breach of this kind.

"At least, I can rectify the matter now—'tisn't too late. I'll buy Golly a present to-night, and send it to her, with a good-sized bank-note for the old man."

True to his resolution, Jack did so, choosing a present, to be enclosed with the fifty-dollar bill, which was perhaps the most inappropriate gift he could have selected. For what would a wild, uneducated, barefooted girl do with a dainty little chain-and-locket? For a man who prided himself on his tact, Jack was making some singular blunders. On his return from the postoffice, he found himself mentally reviewing the events of the past twentyfour hours and picturing to himself the dilapidated old hovel and its strangely contrasting occupants.

"Gerald Dinsmore—'tis an old family-name. How by all that's wonderful did that old fellow come by it? His eyes look wonderfully like my grandfather's as I remember them in our old portraits; I wonder if, by some strange chance, he is a stray shoot from our family-tree. I must find out. I believe grandfather had a brother who came up North. In the name of the marvelous, I'm almost ready to swear 'tis this same old fellow! Whe-ew!" And Jack stopped in the hall of the hotel to give utterance to a prolonged whistle. Standing there, fortune sent him a chance encounter which effectually banished Golly from his mind for months to come.

"Hello! hello! hello!" and Jack felt his legs grabbed by chubby little hands, while a resonant young voice greeted him most cordially.

"You here?"

Capitals fail adequately to represent Jack's tone as he slowly recognized his youthful comrade of the past night. It was a moment of intense thought, and Jack developed, in it, a power of dissimulation hitherto unknown to the Dinsmores. Hardly knowing why, he greeted the youth rapturously, and elevated him to a seat on his shoulder. Was he not proud of his somewhat absurd simulation when, a moment later, the rather pretty mother came from her room to reclaim her boy Pretty?

Mrs. Hoyt was a revelation—delicate features, transparently white complexion, and soft golden hair. For the second time in his life, Jack found himself stammering before a young woman, as he attempted to reply to Mrs. Hoyt's pretty thanks for his care of her son.

Finding himself ensconced for the time being at her hotel, Jack lost no time in following up the acquaintance, on the pretext of his interest in Harold. His easy manners and gentlemanly

bearing impressed Mrs. Hoyt favorably, and the two soon became fast friends. Why Jack, who was above "the wiles of any woman," as he himself phrased it, should have felt intensely relieved at learning that Mr. Hoyt had departed this life some five years before, it is impossible to imagine; but it is certain that he heard this fact with deep interest. Instead of execrating the impulse which made him leap from the train after Harold Hoyt, he soon began to bless that act of common politeness and gallantry. Though both he and his newly-acquired friend could boast of some hundreds of acquaintances in New York, it was yet amazing how lonely each felt in the great metropolis and how soon they came to be dependent on each other for entertainment. Rides, walks, pleasant excursions, reading, and breezy conversation, in which Mrs. Hoyt was an adept, made the days pass swiftly, until at last the tiny white harbingers of winter were floating through the air, and Jack found, to his disgust, that society had claims on Mrs. Hoyt which could not easily be ignored. The season was one of the gayest, and Mrs. Hoyt—wealthy, young, bright, and with a piquancy and verve even more fascinating than her beauty—soon resumed her old place as an acknowledged queen and favorite in the most exclusive drawing-rooms. Jack, too, had plenty of invitations to these same places, and, as a matter of course, he was not inclined to refuse them when they would give him the society of the woman whom he most admired. The last four months had changed him for the better.

The winter worked greater changes, and spring found him her ardent lover—but clothing that character under the disguise of friendship.

He was aroused, vivified, quickened, by the one real love his life had known. He was more manly, more alert, more energetic. Life had new phases, deeper meanings, for him. Whatever might be the issue of the matter—and he himself could form no conjecture as to that—Jack Redmond would thereafter be something more than a selfish aimless egotist.

Mrs. Hoyt was planning a visit to her mother, among the Berkshire Hills, and Jack, moody and silent, was sitting in her little parlor, gloomily listening to Harold as he dilated on the glories of his grandmother's home, the large yard, the great house, the blue hills.

"But whatever will we do without you, Mr. Redmond? Why, you'll have to go along, for, if I should fall off the train again, you ought to be there to pick me up. I say, won't you go?"

Like a flash, Jack, straight and tall, was stand-

ing before Agnes Hoyt, pale, but with a clear-cut look of determination gleaming from his eyes and lurking around the corners of the mouth, usually curving into pleasant smiles.

"Agnes, may I?" And, after a swift upward glance at his face, Agnes Hoyt said slowly: "Yes."

A fair September day; a station among the Berkshire Hills; a little group on the platform is waving handkerchiefs toward an outgoing train, and a youngster of six is shouting at the top of his voice: "Mamma! papa! you musn't stay a moment longer than you said; 'twon't be fair if you do! Good-bye! G-o-o-d b-y-e!" the last part of Harold's farewell being literally a screech as he endeavored to make his voice reach the train now speeding rapidly on.

Agnes Redmond looked half regretfully toward the depot. True, it had been her own proposition to leave her boy for the next four weeks in her old home; but yet a mother's ever recurring thought, if anything should happen to him!

"What is it, dear? Homesick for the boy already? We can go back for him, sweetheart."

But Agnes shook her head. They needed these few weeks alone, and Harold would be safe and happy in her mother's care. They did not talk much as the train wheeled on. When two people are very much in sympathy with each other, many words are not needful between them. Each felt keenly the silent enjoyment of the other's presence. After several hours of waiting at a little way-station, they were just about to enter their train, which, after a manner that trains have, had in some way been belated, when a telegraph operator approached Jack. "Beg pardon, sir, but is this Mr. J. E. Redmond?"

"It most certainly is. A message for me?"

"Yes, sir, been following you all around."

Jack hastily tore open the yellow envelope. The telegram was from a college friend, now a physician in New York. It read:

"Girl in the hospital, dying; Golly Dinsmore. Wants you."

FRANK WALLACE."

Without a word, Jack handed the message to his young wife. Long ago, he had described to her his adventure at the little hut, and the two had resolved to visit Golly ere they should return from their wedding-trip; they had been pleasing themselves for some time, devising ways of brightening and aiding her future. Now came this fateful message. To abandon or even postpone the pleasant jaunt to the mountains might have cost some brides an effort; but any

kind of selfishness was foreign to Agnes Redmond's nature.

"We must go to the poor girl at once, dear."

Jack silently acquiesced, and made the needful changes in checks and tickets. When they were once more speeding on, this time toward New York, Jack gave utterance to the thought which had been perplexing him. "How do you suppose that child ever came to be in New York, Agnes?"

Knowing nothing of particulars as yet, Agnes's instinct still leaped to the truth. "I don't understand it at all, but I think she must have gone in search of you." And Agnes was right.

The gray light of the early autumn morning found Jack, Agnes, and Frank Wallace at the door of the hospital in which Golly was dying. Dr. Wallace told his friend of Golly's accident. She had attempted to cross Broadway, and, accustomed only to the quiet country life where Jack had first seen her, had grown terrified by the teams and noise. Losing her self-control, she had become pressed between the passing vehicles, and injured fatally. Rough but pitying hands had picked her up and brought her, still unconscious, to the hospital. Dr. Wallace had seen at a glance that human efforts could not restore her again to health, but, deeply interested in the lovely strange girl, he had endeavored to secure the names and addresses of her friends. In her wanderings, she had repeatedly mentioned Jack's name, and, as this was the only clue which Frank had been able to obtain, he had sent on the previous day a telegram to Jack's club, trusting that it might find him, and not knowing his exact whereabouts.

As the three reached the cot on which Golly was lying, they caught a glimpse of darkest hair framing in a very pallid face. Her eyes were closed, and so still and quiet were her features that at first Agnes thought that already the girl had passed through the dark valley and entered into her Father's presence.

Softly she took her hands and called "Golly!"

"Be you an angel?" asked the faltering voice. "Where's he? I'm—so—tired."

Jack came hurriedly forward. "Here I am, Golly; what can I do for you, my poor child?"

But the girl did not seem to recognize him, and her only response was to murmur again the slow pathetic words: "I'm—so—tired—oh, so very tired."

For awhile there was silence around the bed, and, for the first time, Jack noticed that the dying girl was beautiful, after a strange wild fashion. He noticed, too, the striking contrast between the woodland child and the delicately refined woman who was bending so lovingly over her. The sun struggled feebly forth from the dun clouds, and sent a few rays of light to illumine the pale face. Golly suddenly started up with her old mocking smile. "I couldn't carry you now, mister, no more ner a city girl; but soon I'll be stronger to take care of you—take care of you," and, in a delirious way, she repeated over and over the words "take care of you." Gleaning around her neck, Jack saw the dainty locket and chain which he had sent her, months before. Golly kept fingering this in a restless fashion. Agnes's tender arms were around her now. Agnes's cool cheek was pressed close to her fevered one. She smiled brightly; "take—care—of—you," the white lips murmured once more, and then Golly was an ignorant hoiden no longer; the wisdom of the angels was hers. The sunshine poured into the room a glorious light. Agnes turned to her husband, whose eyes were dim with an unwonted moisture. "It is a good omen, dear; I think God will let Golly take care of us in our new life together."

If anyone is interested in the fate of old Mr. Dinsmore, we will just pause to say that his death a month before had sent Golly to New York in search of the only other friend she knew. That he was a distant relative, Jack subsequently proved, and the old man and his granddaughter now rest in Virginia soil; beside them are the wealthy relatives whom they never knew in this life. Golly found Jack, indeed, but she found even a far more potent friend than he—death!

EASTER LILIES.

Bloom, Easter lilies, grand and tall
In ranks of spotless white;
Lift up your dew-gemmed chalice
Toward yonder shining height.

Ye meekly bow your graceful heads
As if in silent prayer,

While Easter anthems pure and clear
Go pulsing through the air.

The worship of our lips and lives
Can scarce for sin atone;
Your incense freely offered up
Will reach the Father's throne.

“BEYOND THESE VOICES.”

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHAPTER I.



N the quays and in the less-known quarters of Paris there are many beautiful old houses, dating back to the extinct days of Bourbon royalty. It was in a suite of apartments in one of these stately and almost deserted mansions that a lady sat writing, on a bright day in early September. in the year 1860. Though the

room was of imposing dimensions, it was very scantily furnished. It had been a grand dining-room in days gone by, and the walls were wainscoted up to at least one-third of their height with solid oak, dark and rich-looking with age, the rest being covered with a thick flock paper in a deep shade of green. The floor was covered with a green carpet, an unusual piece of luxury in a French household; but two carved oak chairs and a massive secretary in the same wood completed the furnishing of the room. Curtains of green Utrecht velvet shaded the windows, which looked out over the Seine and gave a view of the distant Louvre. Once, as the lady paused in her occupation and glanced out of the open window, she murmured to herself: “This dwelling has a great advantage—there are no opposite neighbors.” And then she resumed her writing.

She was a peculiar-looking person, a woman about thirty-five, pale, sallow, and spare, with marked features and cold impassive gray eyes. She was tall and of a wiry vigorous make, and the hand that held the pen had something nervous and steel-like in its clasp. Her lips, which were thin and colorless, had also that marked steel-like firmness of outline, bespeaking determination and force of character. Her dark hair was cut short and lay in loose scattered waves over her head, which was small and well-shaped, and this style of coiffure, in the days when chignons were at their biggest and fashionable ladies used to load their heads with rats, and mice, and birds'-nests, and waterfalls, and all other such oddly-named shapes in false hair, was in itself alone sufficient to render her appearance remarkable, if not eccentric. She was plainly dressed in a simply fashioned costume of

black cashmere, which, however, fitted her to perfection and was stylish in cut and in draping. The writing on which she was employed was in cipher, and from time to time she paused to cast certain of the memoranda, which apparently guided her in her work, into the flames of a wood-fire that burned, in spite of the warmth of the sunny autumn day, in the ample old fireplace that filled nearly one end of the room.

“The affair of Pierre Delarche,” she murmured to herself, as she tossed into the fire one of the scraps of paper she had been consulting. “Not yet ripe for investigation. The Friends of Freedom. Mere empty talk—so far. Must consult the Prefect of the Imperial Police respecting it. The next place of meeting—hm—hm—a garret in the Rue du Bac. You would have been wiser, my friends, had you chosen some spot farther from the centre of Paris. Paul Sarelli—a Roman patriot jealous of the laurels of Orsini. Must be looked to, and that speedily.”

She flung the last of the papers into the fire and resumed her writing; but, before she had traced more than a few lines, there was a discreet tap at the door, and, in answer to her imperative “Come in,” a sharp-looking boy in buttons ushered a grave severe-looking personage into the room—a man with extinct expressionless eyes and a thick mustache, waxed at the ends and concealing under its central fringes the mouth of its owner. It was the custom of all subordinates of the Imperial government to imitate at that time the sphinx-like countenance and impassive expression of their chief and ruler, Napoleon III. The new-comer drew a chair close to that of his hostess, who rose to receive him, and in tones so low as to be scarcely audible, even by the person to which the words were addressed, he said, as she resumed her seat:

“Is the report ready?”

“It is here,” she answered, in a whisper as faint as his own, as she folded the pages on which she had been writing and tendered the papers to him.

“Good.” He placed the document in his breast-pocket. “Any special news?”

“An Italian patriot and possible assassin—a new Republican society, which is to hold a meeting on Saturday next—”

“At what address?”

"593 Rue du Bac. I shall be there."

"In your next report, change the cipher. This one is becoming known. Here is a message to you from Baron Haussman. A new avenue is to be cut, running northwest from the Arc de Triomphe. There is a board-yard and also two old furniture-shops to be bought there for next to nothing. Here is a plan of the projected street, with the places to purchase marked upon it."

"My best thanks to the baron."

"That is all." The strange visitor rose, and, buttoning up his coat, prepared to depart. "You will receive special directions respecting the affair of Pierre Delarche. And one thing more. The Emperor wants to see you, to give you some important directions concerning a most delicate matter—an embezzlement of diamonds by a lady of the court. Hold yourself in readiness to obey a summons to Compiègne this day week. Bring samples of antique embroideries to show to the Empress as an excuse to the servants. You will be admitted without question." And the gentleman, without waiting for an answer, departed as swiftly and silently as he had come.

Left alone, the mistress of the house began to set her secretary in order. It was an easy task; there was not a scrap of writing anywhere to be seen, and she even committed to the flames the sheet of blotting-paper she had been using, lest the confused marks wherewith it was covered might bear tell-tale indications amongst the lines. But, before her task was quite completed, the sound of hurrying feet was heard without, a confused mingling of voices became audible, and suddenly the door was thrown open, and a woman, spurning the efforts of the page to keep her back, rushed violently into the room. She stopped suddenly as she crossed the threshold, and confronted her hostess with flashing eyes and compressed lips. She was evidently laboring under the influence of some fierce excitement. Tall and strongly built, with marked features, a spare massive frame, and great burning black eyes, she was a type of the convinced enthusiastic promoter of revolutions, an anticipation of Louise Michel, a plebeian successor of Charlotte Corday, a descendant of the Knitters of the guillotine of the First Revolution, that might develop in coming years into a petroleum-thrower of the Commune.

"Send the boy away!" she said, hoarsely and breathlessly; "I want to speak with you, Mother Greon, and we had best be alone."

"Leave us, Paul," said the person so addressed, in calm unruffled tones. And, as

the door closed, she turned to her infuriated visitor.

"Now, Denise Lamarque, what is it that you wish to say to me? But first—the child." And a faint tinge of color stole over the impassive countenance.

"Oh, she is well—the little Christine—and outside in the porter's lodge at this moment."

"Here—you have brought her here, contrary to my orders? And how, by the way, did you discover my address?"

"Your address, yes, and your real name, Madame Greon—or, at least, the name by which you are best known—Madame Frolo, for you have as many aliases as a first-class thief. That is none of your business. Only understand this much—I do not mean to soil my fingers any more with tending your brat. Not but what she is a darling, the little one. But, now that I know who you really are, I throw her back on your hands. I would throw in your face all the money you have ever paid me for taking charge of her, if only I had not spent it, every sou. I wonder that I did not see stains of blood—yes, stains of blood, you she-bloodhound—on every coin you put into my hands. I loathe you—I spurn you—I call down the vengeance of the earth and the skies upon your head!"

Quivering with ill-restrained wrath, she stood with clenched hands and blazing eyes like an embodiment of the spirit of the Great Revolution.

"See you, I had staid quietly in my garret all these years, since my man was shot down in the streets on the second of December, so that another Bonaparte might be made Emperor. I lived on, helping the cause of liberty from time to time, just a little, as a poor woman may do, and existing from day to day in the hope of seeing some time or other a Republic in France again. And then you came, and brought the child, and money for taking care of it. All this time I fancied you were like me—the widow of a good patriot, and I cherished the little one as though it had been my own. But last night there came to me one who told me the truth, one of the poor creatures that you and your fellow-bloodhounds are hunting down. He has got away, though, I can tell you that, and is safe in England by this time. And your name never was Greon after all, Madame Frolo. I know it all now. It was you that ferreted out the conspiracy of the Fiftyseven. It was you that had Philippe Delamarr sent to Cayenne. It was you that caused Jean Valbel to flee for his life. It is you that are hunting down Pierre

Delarche. I know even the name that you hide behind your fine appellation of Madame Frollo. You are a traitor and the widow of—”

“Stop!” The woman addressed as Madame Frollo rose to her feet. “Not a word respecting my dead husband. Is there no blood on the hands of your friends and of yourself, Denise Lamarque?”

“They are clean enough yet to spurn you and your offspring. I curse you—I hate you, Sidonie Lafont. Take your true name once from my lips; it is long enough since you last heard it. I curse you in the name of the dead of the second of December—in the name of the exiles of Cayenne—in the name of the fugitives in England, and Switzerland, and Belgium, in the name of Liberty, the sacred right of the nations which you oppose and seek to destroy. I wash the soil of your silver from my hands. I shake the dust of your house from my feet. I go, and leave you the child that shall one day turn upon you and curse you as I have done, and avenge us all. On the little fair head that only last night was pillowed on my bosom, I rest the hope of my revenge. I go, and never shall our paths cross again. The memory of your bread that I have eaten—yes, and the thought of the little one that I have bred as my own child, stand between you and my wrath. I leave you to the future and to that Justice that men call the vengeance of Time!”

The door closed with a clash, and Madame Frollo rose from her seat with a slight expression of weariness on her else impassive features. “Really, she has tired me excessively, this honest Denise,” she murmured. “But the child—Christine—ay, there is a real perplexity.” She touched the bell, and the page quickly reappeared.

“My carriage, Paul, and tell the porter’s wife to take care of the little girl that has been left in her charge till I come to give her further orders.” Then, as the boy disappeared, “I have need of air and movement to aid me in thinking out what I had best do with the child,” she added to herself as she drew on her gloves.

The elegant brougham, plain and severe in all its appointments and without so much as an initial or monogram on its panels, was speedily at the door. The page, in the correct livery of a groom, stood ready to hand Madame Frollo into the carriage and then awaited her orders. They were brief and comprised in one phrase:

“To St. Cloud.”

CHAPTER II.

By most persons who know Paris well, the beautiful suburban town of St. Cloud is con-

sidered one of the most charming of that circle of towns and villages that surround the gay capital as do the diamonds that form the setting of some great single gem in the brooch or the locket that forms part of the parure of a queen. At the epoch at which the events of our story occur, the cruel chances of war had not yet come to shatter its elegant villas or to lay in ruins its palace. Always favored by the Parisians as a place of summer residence, on account of the purity of the air, which is owing to its elevated site, and also, as has been mischievously suggested, because from the windows and the balconies of the villas a fine view could be obtained of the beloved Paris, out of sight of which not one of her children can long remain content, its tasteful summer homes are numerous and always well occupied.

The glowing twilight of the cloudless September day had scarcely faded from the heavens, and the distant Arc de Triomphe showed, with its whiteness tinged with a faint rose-flush, like an arch in flowers, against the dark background of the great city, with here and there a light beginning to sparkle amid its duskiness. Viewed from the loftiest eminence of all those occupied by the city of St. Cloud, the scene was a lovely and an impressive one at that sunset hour. But the owner of one of the handsomest of the villas that had been erected on that favored site, a man tall and handsome and in the prime of life, had no thoughts for the beauty of the view, or for the dying glories of the vanished day. He had flung aside the curtains to admit the air, but he did not approach the long open windows reaching to the floor, nor did he notice the fact that the servant had entered and had placed a large lamp upon the table, afterward withdrawing with noiseless footsteps. And by the full radiance of the lamplight every movement of the one occupant of the room could be distinctly seen from the road outside. This fact he seemed to heed as little as he did the beauty of the world without. Pacing to and fro, seemingly under the influence of some all-absorbing thought, he went with hurried steps from one end to the other of the large drawing-room, unheeding even the caresses of his dog that leaped up from time to time, vainly trying to reach his master’s hand, and wondering, doubtless, why a pat and a kind word were not forthcoming as usual. At last he cast himself into an arm-chair before the buhl writing-table on which the lamp had been placed. “The end must come, and it shall not be long in coming,” he muttered, between his clenched teeth. “Down, Frisk—down—I am in no mood for fooling, this evening, Poor beast—you will

miss me at least, if no one else does. There, old fellow—there—lie down and keep quiet." And, as the dog, satisfied with his master's notice and caress, went to curl himself up on the hearthrug, the gentleman unlocked a drawer in the writing-table and took from it a revolver carefully, testing its barrels to see if they were all loaded. Satisfied with his examination, he laid the weapon aside, and, drawing forward a blotting-book, he spread some sheets of letter-paper before him and began to write, slowly and deliberately, like a man who is fulfilling an appointed task. This is what he wrote:

"MY DEAR WESTFORD:

"I do not know why I should trouble you with this letter, as the chief piece of news that it contains will probably reach you through the medium of the daily papers before this epistle is put into your hands. But I did not like to put into execution my final resolve without writing a few lines to you, my best and oldest friend, if only to say good-bye. I have burned the will I made some years ago, in which you were appointed sole executor of my estate and guardian of my only child, for the simple reason that I have neither child nor fortune left. Only three hours ago, I received tidings of the death of my little Louise from diphtheria, at the house of the devoted woman in Brittany who has had the charge of her for nearly all her life. My wife, as perhaps you know, died late last spring in the asylum to which she was perforce consigned just after Louise's birth. It was as well, for the insanity with which she was afflicted was of a violent as well as a hopeless type. It was only after her death that I decided to try to form a home for myself once more. I had grown tired of alternating between the rooms of the bank and my bachelor apartments, so I took this villa and furnished it, intending to bring my little girl here and to pass at least a year in this pleasant abode and in this pure air, within easy reach, as St. Cloud is, of my place of business. Well, old friend, disaster has followed disaster with so rapid a tread that I mean to await the coming of no further trouble, but shall slip away out of the world to that haven where no evil news can reach me—the grave. The banking-house of Armytage & Co. is on the point of failing. I will not weary you with the details of the catastrophe; suffice it to say that I do not mean to live to see it. My little daughter is gone, and her death has broken the last link that bound me to this world. I have no one left to live for any more. Crushed in spirit and wrecked in fortune, I have no heart to begin the world anew. If my child had lived, I should have struggled

on, for her sake. If I still had my fortune, I could have striven to stifle my sorrows in the daily round of my business. All is gone now—and I am going. I bid you farewell, old friend, and, when I have traced my name at the foot of this page, I shall seek the one effectual remedy for all my pain, and shall go 'To where beyond these voices there is peace.' Once more, good-night.

"CHESTER ARMYTAGE."

The writer laid down his pen, folded the letter, placed it in an envelope, and wrote, in a firm bold hand-writing, the address. And then he stretched out his hand for the revolver.

"Stop!"

A firm clasp closed over the hand that held the weapon. And Chester Armytage, starting to his feet, confronted the stern features and dark-robed form of Madame Frollo. Motionless with amazement he stood, his hand and the pistol still prisoned in the grasp of those steel-like fingers.

"What were you about to do?"

"Who are you, that seek an answer to a question that you have no right to ask?"

"True, and which I have no need to ask. I have read over your shoulder every line that you have written."

"How dared you, woman—"

"Because, passing by outside, I saw you writing, with your revolver close at hand. Men do not pen commonplace letters with such adjuncts to the furnishing of their writing-tables. So I left my carriage and entered through the open window, and strove to learn the secret of your despair. I have learned it, and I come to bring you a remedy."

"You have learned it, but in what dishonorable fashion!"

"Dishonorable!" She laughed coldly and cynically. "There has been no question of honor in the path that I have trodden for many a year past. It is my business to discover secrets and to take the readiest means of discovering them, regardless of what those means may be. I have made use of my professional training for my private profit merely. Now, put aside your pistol and listen to me. If I can suggest no remedy for some part, at least, of your troubles, I will, when our interview is at an end, leave you to follow your own inclinations, should you still wish to rid yourself of your woes in such a violent fashion. Give me some few moments of the time you were about to merge into eternity. It is not much to ask."

Impressed, in spite of himself, by the energy of tone and decision of manner of his strange

visitor, Chester Armytage replaced his revolver in the drawer; and, bringing forward a large arm-chair, he motioned to Madame Frolo to take it.

“Now, what is it that you wish to say to me?” he asked.

“I repeat that I have the power to aid you in this hour of your desperation.”

“Can you bring back my dead child to life? Can you prop the fortunes of my failing house?”

“The latter I can and will do, if you will consent to obey me in regard to the former. What sum is it that you require to tide your bank over its present difficulties?”

“No less an amount than two hundred thousand dollars.”

“One million of francs? Good! It shall be placed at your disposal to-morrow, and on one condition only.”

“Name it.”

“First let me ask the age of the little daughter you have just lost.”

“She was not quite six years old.”

“Good! There will be no need of an adoption—a simple substitution will suffice. You will be required to present to the world—and, in fact, to rear and educate as your own—a little girl some few months younger than your own child, but with not enough difference of age, however, to make it impossible for her to pass as the dead little one.”

Chester Armytage knitted his brows. He was a man of spotless honor, and his first and very natural supposition was that some shameful secret was connected with the birth of the child thus proposed to him for adoption. The quick eye of Madame Frolo noticed his hesitation, and comprehended instantly its cause.

“Before proceeding further, I must inform you that the little girl in question is of perfectly honorable origin. Her father was a painter of talent, named Louis Lafont. He married, some two years before her birth, an Austrian of respectable parentage who was exercising in Paris the profession of a governess. Her maiden name was Sidonie Fischer—and I am she.”

“And why should you seek to separate yourself from your little daughter, and that in so thorough a fashion?”

“For me to answer that question is to tell you the story of my life. Listen, Mr. Armytage, and, when I have ended, you may decide as to whether or not you are willing to save the future of the innocent child, and the soul of an unhappy mother from utter despair as well.”

CHAPTER III.

ARMYTAGE bowed, and madame continued:

“I was born in Vienna. My parents died

when I was a mere girl, and my small inheritance barely sufficed to educate me to become a teacher—that being the readiest method by which a young woman without any special talent, either for art or music, could earn her daily bread.

I had, it is true, certain dramatic gifts which might have been developed by early training, and which have, in fact, stood me in good stead during these later years; but my lack of beauty was considered, at the time, as an insuperable obstacle to my embracing a theatrical career. During my school-life, I studied with ardor, and left the establishment in which I was educated the mistress of four languages and a thorough musician—well equipped, in fact, for the profession I was about to adopt. With these acquirements, I easily found a place in the household of a wealthy Parisian banker—one of your colleagues, Mr. Armytage: the head of the well-known house of Pelletan & Co.—to act as governess to his three daughters.

“In this position, I dwelt in peace and tranquillity for nearly four years. I was well treated, my pupils were amiable intelligent girls, and my days passed by, if without any vivid joys, at least without any serious annoyances. Then there came to me a period of happiness, so exquisite and so perfect that, when I look back upon it, my present life by force of contrast seems clothed with the blackness of despair.

“Among my many accomplishments, that of drawing and painting had not been included. I was not destitute of the artistic sense—I could appreciate fine drawings and well-executed paintings—but my art-enjoyment was not supplemented by any powers of execution. To fill up this deficiency in my acquirements, a young artist, Louis Lafont by name, was engaged to give lessons to the Demoiselles Pelletan. He was of great talent, and of a reputation already in its first phase of brilliant development. He had exhibited at the Salon for two seasons past, and his picture of the former year, representing Marie Antoinette in prison, had been purchased by the Empress Eugénie. He was young and handsome and vivacious, with laughing brown eyes and a gay alert carriage of the head which—No, never mind; do not notice me. I have not spoken of him before for full five years past. And, when the sunlight has died out of one’s life, it is hard, amid the darkness, to recall the sun to which existence owed its warmth and brightness. I thought that I was turned to stone; but I find that it is ice merely, and that even a remembered gleam of that vanished radiance may cause the ice to melt.

“We were a good deal thrown together, he

and I, naturally, as I had to be present at all the lessons, and he came often to consult me about the subjects and style of the pictures that he prepared for the young ladies to copy. I do not know when I first began to love him, but I awoke one day to the consciousness that my whole being was absorbed in a devoted and hopeless passion for my young and brilliant coadjutor. Yes, hopeless, for how could I ever dream that the plain penniless governess had any attraction for the popular and gifted young painter? Yet the dream that I scarcely dared to contemplate, even as a vision, came true one day. Let me remember—let me bring back—for the last time so long as I shall live, the exquisite joy, the intoxicating gladness of the moment when the man that I loved so fervently imprisoned my hand in both his own, and said to me in tones thrilling with emotion: 'For months past, Mademoiselle Sidonie, my whole soul has been wrapped up in you. Can you not love me a little?' A little! With all my heart, with all my strength, with all my being! Look you, Mr. Armytage, I had never before known what it was to have anybody love me. My mother had died when I was barely three years old. My father, who was a subordinate officer in the Austrian army, was never at home, and I scarcely knew him up to the time of his death, which occurred when I was about fourteen. Therefore, the cup of perfect bliss, thus held to my lips, contained the first sweet draught of human affection ever accorded to me in this world.

"Only a few weeks later, we were married. We had nothing to cause us to delay the wedding. I was alone in the world, and Louis's elder brother, Claude, who was a graduate of the Military School of St. Cyr, and was a widower, with one little son named Louis, after my betrothed, was his only relative. And he, being absent with his regiment in Algiers, was not able to be present at our marriage, but he sent us many kind messages, and some gifts of beautiful Oriental curiosities. We went to housekeeping in a flat in the artists' quarter of Paris—four small rooms and a large studio; and there, for two years, I was blindly, ecstatically happy. My husband and I were scarcely apart three hours out of the twentyfour, and then only when he went to attend the meetings of a secret society of advanced Republicans, formed soon after the establishment of Napoleon III on the throne of France, and of which Louis was a member. His fame as a painter was rising every day. He had executed some striking pictures, and the Emperor himself

gave him an order for a painting to represent Napoleon the Great playing with his little son, the King of Rome. 'I must wait till our own little one comes to serve me as a model,' Louis laughingly remarked when the official document containing the order arrived. But he never painted the picture. He never even saw the face of his own child. For, before she was born, he was murdered—cruelly and causelessly murdered by the members of the secret society to which he belonged—the League of Liberty, they called it."

"Murdered?"

"Yes, Mr. Armytage, they murdered him, and how? They gagged him, and bound him, and pinioned him down to the railway track in the path of the express from Calais, and left him there to await—ah, in what agonies of suspense and dread and mortal anguish!—the coming of the terrible doom. And it came—and not even I was ever permitted to look upon the mangled relics of what had once been Louis Lafont. The fiends that slew him declared that he had been a traitor to their cause, and that, while affiliated with them, he had secretly conveyed intelligence of their movements and their projects to the Imperial Police."

"And was this true?"

"Do I know or do I care? All I knew and heeded was that the man I worshiped, my loving kindly gifted husband, had been put to death with such circumstances of horror as even the familiars of the Inquisition might have shuddered to imagine. The shock to my nerves brought on a premature confinement. My little girl was sent, immediately after her birth, into the country to be nursed, and that as a sheer measure of necessity, for I lay at the point of death for weeks and months. And how I ever rose from my bed again, and left it in full possession of my reason, is still to me a mystery. My first idea, after my recovery, was to bring to justice the cruel wretches that had robbed me of my husband and of all hope or happiness for the rest of my life. My child, do you say? What was a puling infant to me, compared with the love and the bright companionship that had filled my life with such ecstasy of joy, such perfect bliss? Look you, I will speak of that no more, for that way madness lies."

"How did you know that your husband was put to death by the decree of the secret society to which he belonged? Might his murderers not have been instigated by personal reasons?"

She laughed drearily. "You little know the ways of such an organization as the League of Liberty, if you imagine that they left the cause

and the executors of the sentence in any manner of doubt. Stamped on one of the leather thongs that were used to bind their victim were these words: 'This is how we members of the League of Liberty deal with traitors to our cause!' I wear that piece of leather as an amulet in a case attached to a chain about my neck. It has spurred me on to work, many and many a time when my heart was failing and my spirits grew weary. For, as soon as my health was fully re-established, I started out on my mission of retribution. All my husband's papers relative to the society were placed by me in the hands of the police. Then, wearying of the slow action of the professional detectives, I joined myself to them as an amateur aid. I brought to my task untiring vigilance, patient watchfulness, the keen scent of a bloodhound tracking its prey. And I succeeded where the most famous members of the force declared themselves utterly at fault. I tracked out and brought to judgment the murderers of Louis Lafont. By my aid the great secret society with its countless ramifications in all European nations was utterly broken up, and many of its members were either condemned to penal servitude for life or were driven into exile. There was no disguise that I did not assume, no danger that I did not brave, no hardships from which I recoiled. And when my task was ended and I had tasted the exquisite sweetness of revenge, then and then only did I realize that life for me was practically at an end.

"It was at this moment that I received from the Chief of the Secret Detective division of the Imperial police an offer of a permanent position. The manner in which my work as the avenger of my husband's death had been carried out had attracted the notice of personages high in authority in the government of the Empire. My bitter hatred of the Republicans in France was not yet assuaged. Moreover, I was promised, as a reward for my services, abundant opportunities for acquiring wealth, such as prior information respecting political changes that would influence the rise and fall of stocks, or concerning new streets and avenues to be cut through certain quarters of the city where real estate was at its lowest figure and where these changes would triple or quadruple its value. I thought of my little daughter and of the wealth I might amass to gild her future. I contemplated my own void and purposeless life. And I consented, and I have become the keenest and most trusted of the political spies of the Empire. Aye, and also a woman cursed and abhorred of all men, except by those that employ me. Once my identity is revealed, men and women recoil from me as

from a serpent. I manage usually to preserve a strict incognito, from professional reasons as well as on account of the abhorrence I inspire. Not that I trouble myself particularly about that abhorrence. I have outlived all interest in human affection or in human hate. But there is one point on which I am still vulnerable, and that is my child. Cased in triple armor though I be, the avenger may one day find out this weak point and stab me to the soul. For I cannot endure the thought that my daughter may hereafter shrink from me, or hate me, or curse me, reject my benefits, and nullify all my efforts in her behalf by a scorn that would be worse to me than death. From this doom, you, Mr. Armytage, may save me. Forget the aid that I offer you, and remember only that the future of myself, and of my innocent child as well, is in your hands to make or to mar at your pleasure."

"What is it you would have me do?"

"I want you to install, in the place and stead of your dead child, my little Christine. I will take a solemn oath to relinquish her wholly to your care, and never to claim her or to make myself known to her as her mother. Her identity shall be wholly merged in that of your dead Louise. I reserve for myself only the right of watching over her. She shall be my care—never again my child. Chance has so willed it that both the children have been brought up from babyhood in a remote French province, so the substitution will be easy and will excite no investigation."

"And if I consent?"

"To-morrow I shall, in that case, place the sum of \$200,000 in your hands, to be employed in the settlement of the affairs that threaten ruin to the banking-house of Armytage & Co."

"This money then, I suppose, is to be settled thereafter on the little girl?"

"Not at all. That sum is to be placed without stipulation in your hands, for your own use. If you decide to marry again, you can dower with it any children that might be born of that second union. Use it as you like: spend it, squander it, gamble it away, if you will. The fortune of your adopted child will, one day, amount to at least twice as much, and will become hers on the day of her majority or of her marriage. Choose now, Mr. Armytage: Will you consent to save a heart-broken woman from despair and give to her little daughter a future of happiness and prosperity, or will you refuse my offer and still madly persist in putting an end to your own life or in braving an existence of loneliness and ruin?"

She ceased to speak, and bent forward with

a look of anxious inquiry. Mr. Armytage paused a moment, and then answered in a tone of convinced decision :

"I consent to your proposition. When will you bring me the child?"

"At once—as speedily as I can return to Paris and come back with her. The money shall be placed in your hands to-morrow before noon."

"One word more—I shrink from taking from your hands a gift that may have the stain of blood upon it: Madame Frollo, can you answer to me as to the source of your wealth?"

"So far as speculation, either in stocks or in real estate, is honorable, the origin of my fortune is above reproach. I have had opportunities of obtaining early information as to the coming political events in Europe and their influence on the stock market, and also as to the projected new streets and avenues in Paris. I had no occupation or interest to fill my hours outside of my professional duties save that of acquiring wealth, and I have used my opportunities to the best advantage—that is all. And now good-night—it is growing late."

Chester Armytage offered his arm to Madame Frollo, to escort her to her carriage. The dapper little groom, who had been waiting outside with the vehicle, lingered behind for a moment, and then came hurriedly forward to take his place

upon the box, and the swift horses started off toward Paris.

On arriving at her residence, Madame Frollo dismissed her carriage and her coachman and went in search of the little girl. She found her lying asleep in the arms of the good-natured Madame Laurent, with traces of violent crying on her flushed cheeks and tear-gemmed lashes, and with a bandage around one plump dimpled arm.

"She has hurt herself, the little one—not seriously, madame—oh, not seriously! But it pained her very much, and she cried for a long time. She was running around the room after the cat, and she fell just in front of the fireplace and burned her arm badly on the top bar of the grate."

Madame Frollo unfastened the bandage and looked at the burn: it was a long deep indentation.

"It will leave a scar," she remarked, as she replaced the covering. "But we have no time to lose. Go and engage me a carriage, Paul; and see that the horses are strong and in good condition."

"Mamma Denise! I want Mamma Denise!" wailed the child, now fully aroused.

"Never mind Mamma Denise—I am going to take you to your papa."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

DISAPPOINTED.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

For every moment's joy,
There is an hour of pain.
The soul, from glimpses of paradise,
Comes back to earth again.

But yesterday there came to me
A ray of love's own light;
To-day 'tis gone, and shadows fall
Just where the way was bright.

But yesterday the heavens oped
And let their brightness down;

Upon my heart, to-day, I stand
'Neath heaven's darkening frown.

One glimpse of sunshine—vanished, fled,
Leaving the day more drear,
Because I know the joy I craved
Had come so very near.

So, back from paradise, my soul
Falls, on her weary wing;
And, disappointed, waits on earth,
Whate'er the hours may bring.

SUB HOC SIGNO VINCES.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

KEEP true to your best
As the years pass you by;
Fill with good deeds
The moments that fly.

Each evil that's vanquished,
Each well-conquered wrong,

Brightens our armor
And makes it more strong.

Stand firm 'gainst the wrong,
For victory, we know,
Shall ever be gained
With the face to the foe.